

Where One Dream Ends

By A. W. PEACH

(By the Author Newspaper Syndicate.)

Robert Winston laid his brushes and palette aside and listened. The old studio building had once been sound-proof, but time had worked a mysterious change—at least between Winston's studio and here. She was making her piano speak of haunted things, even through the old walls. The music was softened, but it came to him with something of the charm of music that drifts across moonlit waters.

Finally, he shook himself from the spell, drew out a small electric heater, and swiftly prepared an attractive lunch. Then he calmly marched upstairs and knocked on her studio door. She was a bit afraid of her, for she had seemed to him a very haughty little person, but any girl who had played right through the afternoon into the evening merited some interruption, if only long enough to eat.

The music ceased, the door opened, and the small oval face, in which unusually dark eyes were set, looked out with cold query.

"Robert Winston, Impressionist, presents his compliments to Miss Ronald, depressionist, and invites her to a regatta with him, for the day is far done and the darkness—" he began.

"But I—"

She looked so weary, and a bit troubled with some inner doubt that made her hesitate, that he did what he hardly thought he possessed the courage to do—he serenely reached out and took her hand.

"Come, child, you have practiced long enough. Look upon my gray hairs and be obedient," he announced.



"You See, I Read Human Hearts—"

He glanced quickly at his temples, where faint streaks of gray were beginning to show, and smiled. "I will go, but, please, promise you won't be an ace to me as you usually are!"

He looked at her with astonishment; her voice was half serious, half whimsical. "You shall command me!" he answered with finality.

She sank into the big lounging chair in his studio with a faint sigh of relief, and he drew up the little table on which he spread the lunch.

She was in a somber mood, though she made some effort to match his cheerfulness; and with his knowledge of the ways of human hearts, he knew she had come to one of those dark days when the game does not seem worth the candle.

When the lunch was out of the way he leaned forward. "Now look, Avis, there is something very much wrong. You see, I read human hearts—"

The look in her dark eyes as they rested upon him was perplexing. "Wonder," was all she said.

"You're I can read. Something is going wrong. Now we are neighbors and friends. Can't I help you?"

She shook her head. "Oh, it is nothing. I am just wondering whether or not you wouldn't understand!"

He saw it was useless to try to draw her out. "I think I could, and you know you can count upon me if I can be of use!"

"Very kind of you, and I thank you, sir," she replied in the same puzzling tone.

They chatted of this and that—the things that make up life—and then she rose from the chair. She held out her hand. "You have been very good to me—in spite of the noise I make over your head—and I am grateful to you."

He was downright puzzled. His first impulse was to wrap his arms about her, draw her dark head close to his, make her tell what was on her mind. He suddenly realized how she had stolen into his heart, what she had meant to him; but her dark aloofness checked him, and the good-night she gave her was merely the pleasant bantering good-night of friendship.

He was away from the studio most of the day, returning in the evening.

His day had been a busy one, but for some mysterious reason his thought of her had been on his mind. Thinking he had heard a slight stir above him, he went up, but there was no answer to his knock; yet, going down the stairs he met Tim, the janitor, and in response to a casual question Tim replied that Miss Ronald had gone to her studio, he thought.

He tried to compose himself to work, but he was restless. He went upstairs again and knocked on her door. Silence answered him. Profoundly puzzled, he called her name softly, and was certain he heard a faint sound within. Then he took the situation by the horns.

"Avis, open this door or I will get Tim. Please, I have something important to tell you!"

The door opened slowly, and she was facing him. His quick, trained eyes saw in her girlish face fear, fright, and some terrible determination. He closed the door quickly.

"Avis, what is it? Tell me!" He caught her to him. "I have been worried for some strange reason all day. Tell me—I want to know—and—"

With his arm around her slight waist, he held her to him in spite of the effort she made to release herself. Then she held out one small, finely formed little hand.

"The trouble?" she said in a dead, wistful voice. "It is enough. I have felt my hand growing numb. I thought I practiced all yesterday afternoon to drive it away. This morning I could not move it, and this afternoon a specialist told me I would never use it again—paralysis. You see—she spoke with dangerous quiet—"I have overdone my practicing. Tried too hard to make a dream come true, and now it's gone!"

She did not weep. There is a stage beyond weeping, beyond despair. He knew something of its meaning. He looked down at the dark head. He noted that her left hand was hidden. He pulled it into view. In it was a small bottle, and his cry of fear went into his words:

"Avis, what is that—poison?" he cried in a choked voice.

She nodded simply. He caught the bottle, threw it aside, then gathered her in his arms and sat down. "Look here, little girl, this, I think, is the luckiest thing that ever happened. I have been in love with you from the first time I saw you. When one dream ends, another always begins, if we keep our eyes and hearts open. Your dream of a musical career is over. Let's dream of other—ours together! What do you say?"

The helpless little hand made it possible for him to say what he otherwise never could have said to her. He spoke softly, quietly, swiftly, commanding himself with effort. She began to relax, weeping softly. When she spoke her whispered words were music to him.

"I wanted you to love me, but—but I thought it was just friendship. I would have given up my music for you—for I—I loved you, too—from the first, but I didn't think you cared for me—"

He settled that—without the aid of words; and the other dream began.

FISH EASY PREY FOR TERNS

Birds, Masters of the Air, Are by No Means Afraid of the Leaping Waters.

The following description of the activities of the common tern is taken from the manuscript of a work on the birds of Massachusetts by the Department of Agriculture.

When the mackerel or the bluefish, coming in great horde, lead a school of "bait," the larger fish chase these small fry until the latter, in their efforts to escape, break water in all directions and skip over the waves like flying-fish, or mill around in a dense mass. The water all around fairly boils under the savage onset of the pursuers. Then it is that the sharp-eyed terns, spying the commotion, flock from afar to feast on the luckless fishlings.

High they hover in the sunlight, above the surging sea. The whirling, screaming white-breasted birds, strongly contrasted against the murky sky, alternately climb the air and plunge like plummet straight down upon the waves or even below them—rising again, fluttering, pulsing, screaming, striking. It fairly rains terns—hundreds of them—together shooting downward into the maddened waves. Masters of the air, they play with the gusty blast and gambol with the leaping waters. Rising from the sea they shake the brine from their plumage and, towering higher, hover a moment breasting the gale, then set their wings and, like long, barbed spearheads, drop downward to plunge, again and yet again.

Marriage a la Mode.

Petting is one of the greatest amusements of young people of today, but in few countries is there such freedom of speech and action as here.

In China, for instance, not only is love-making taboo among young people, but it is forbidden even to speak of love. An engaged couple may not mention their coming nuptials. All is attended to by the parents.

His Opinion.

"Here's an item in the paper," said Mrs. Johnson, in the midst of her reading, "about a professor, up East somewhere, that says there will be dogs in heaven."

"He's mighty right," agreed Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "It would be hell if there wasn't."—Kansas City Star.

BAGS OF PAISLEY

Late Style Accessory Is Made of Bits of Old Shawls.

Black Mole Most Satisfactory All Around Material; Beaded Modern Have Passed Away.

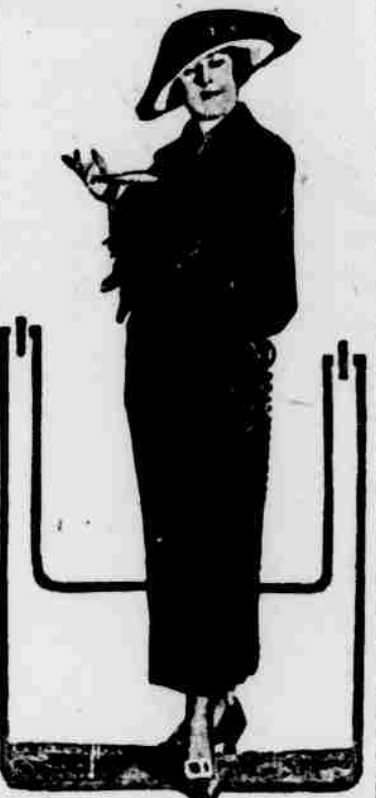
The little hand bags are so numerous that they confront one at every turn, and yet many of them are unbecomingly beautiful. One has to hunt and hunt before coming upon anything wholly pleasing and satisfactory. Either they are too beautiful to be efficient or they are too efficient to be classed among the beautiful. Is there anything worse than one of those bunched bags, crowded with too much material and looking like a badly wrapped bundle?

Some of the newer bags are made of Paisley—bits of the old shawls—and they are most satisfactory. They are lovely bits of color, to begin with, and then they are made so that they have spacious enough interiors to make them feasible carry-alls for the woman who must have some pocket in which to put the helpful appliances for her outdoor make-up. Some of these Paisley bags are beaded along the outlines of their patterns with rows of steel beads and the effect of that extra touch of work is a charming addition. There will be a steel beaded string with which to carry a bag of this sort and often a steel tassel or two is used for a finish at the point where the shape of the bag ends.

The black mole bags are perhaps the most satisfactory all around and they are chiefly notable for the frames upon which they are mounted and the ivory or jeweled clasps used to snap them together. The one big value of a black bag is that it goes with everything.

Beaded bags, unless they are extraordinarily handsome, have passed away as a strong asset to the toils of a smart woman. Of course, there are those finely woven purses of beads without linings which are so extremely colorful that they will often be chosen to help out a costume just because of

COLLAR WHICH ENDS AT HIP



Showing a black trelaine coat dress which fastens on the left hip with an ornament in brilliant red. Dripping monkey fur calls attention to the tight sleeves and outlines the collar which ends at the left hip.

BIG SLEEVES AND MUCH FUR

Many Arm Coverings in Coats on Kimono Style; Some Set in With Square Armholes.

Simplicity of line, handsome materials and warm rich coloring are to mark this autumn's coats.

Fur trimmings will be lavishly used. In colors there are the standards, as usual, and a few novelties such as a new medium shade of gray. Burgundy will be seen, too, we are told. Straight models will be liked, some with a little added fullness in shoulder plaits, which allow a slight flare at the foot.

One Russian blouse effect shows a novelty in the blousing being used only in the back, the fronts being cut double breasted. One side fastens over the other and is caught with a handsome steel clasp. A narrow belt draws the front of the coat in somewhat, giving a slightly fitted effect.

All coat sleeves are voluminous, many in kimono style, and some set in with a square armhole. Metal embroidery, narrow braids in self shades, and stitching, will be seen a great deal this autumn, according to the trend of New York fashions.

WHITE COLLARS TO THE FORE

Neck Decorations Have Width to Spread Over Neck Almost to the Waistline.

Pictureque white collars are more and more to the fore. They roll around rather low necklines and have a great deal of width left to spread neatly over the frock almost to the

WINSOME TWO-PIECE OUTFIT



This two-piece costume is of dark blue silk-surfaced trelaine, using the wool surface outside and outlining the collar, cuffs and pocket details in a cherry red. The wide sleeves may be snugly buttoned around the wrist. The wrap-around skirt has a bloused waist of a brilliantly printed silk.

the shining touch which they are capable of adding. But the bead bag that was so prominent has faded away altogether, leaving in its place only the sliver ones by which it is possible to add color to a gown.

OLD-STYLE TRIMMINGS BACK

Fine Soutaching, Braids, Buttons and Belts Again in Favor for Millady's Wear.

In trimmings, a marked revival of interest in the old-fashioned passementerie motifs stands out as the chief note to signal. Fine soutaching and an extensive use of flat braids in plain and in fancy weaves is noted. Fancy metal braids, and metal run or metal bead braids figure among the novelties.

Buttons are used chiefly as ornaments. They are very large, in brilliant colors and are elaborately carved. Many lacquered buttons ornamented with gilt figures in Chinese designs are shown.

Braid buttons, fabric covered embroidered buttons and small, cut jet and steel buttons, are the chief types used for jackets.

Large, ornamental plaques in carved composition or in steel are used on tailored dresses.

Belts are used much less this season than during the preceding season.

Steel beaded leather belts appear as the chief novelties. The general trend is for belts which are simple and inconspicuous.—Dry Goods Economist.

Straight Hem Line.

Many of the skirts show a return to the straight hemline. One Polart gown, however, makes a neat compromise between the even and uneven hem. A dress of citron crepe marocain, has a round, gathered skirt which ends in ten sharply pointed snail-tails. Since each of these snail-tails is the same length as the rest, a delightful unevenness is attained.

Longer Skirts.

Six or seven inches from the floor is the correct skirt length in Paris and American buyers predict that by fall that will be the standard here.

waistline. These and waistcoats will be features of the coming styles, so if you have any spare minutes, it behooves you to gather your needles and threads together and to spend your time embroidering sheer white stuffs so that you shall be ready to supplement your fall clothes with the sort of accessories that are being done. Any real lace that can be added is a touch that will have much in its favor, and if it is only a little rounded collar with a pair of cuffs to match, you will not be sorry, when the cooler days arrive, to be able to draw them forth to deck some new fall frock.

Cape for Autumn.

The smart little cape for autumn will be a separate garment, of velours or some serviceable fabric; it will be much in evidence with the one-piece street frock. But instead of fastening in front, as the earlier capes invariably fastened, the new hip-length model will fasten on one shoulder. There will be an armhole and a long slit and if one arm is slightly chilly it will be necessary only to reflect that the style at any rate is a jaunty one.

Lace Mitts.

Lace mitts are seen everywhere. They have a quaint charm and a certain early-day air that is quite irresistible. Likewise they come in the most fascinating lace patterns.

Pretty Red Frock.

A picturesque little frock for a small girl seen recently was of red cashmere, cross-stitched in black to form a yoke design that extended slightly down the front in panel effect.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

AUSTRALIAN CRANE

"I am called a beautiful gray crane by my keeper and by visitors to the zoo," said the Australian Crane.

"I am glad my keeper calls me beautiful for I am so devoted to my keeper and I think everyone wants to be cared for by those they like."

"It is so nice to be thought beautiful by one whose admiration one wants."

"And I do so much want my keeper's admiration."

"Then, too, I am glad that the visitors think I am beautiful for I like to have my keeper made happy."

"And he is made very happy when people admire me."

"Oh yes, he seems to be proud of me. And I am proud that he is so fond of me."

"We've been friends for a long, long time now, oh, for a number of years."

"I have a red top upon my head. I do not mean to say that I have a red top such as a child will have a red top to spin around."

"I've seen such tops when they've brought them to the zoo. You couldn't spin my top about and I wouldn't want you to try."

"In the first place of all it doesn't come off and in the second place I



"Over the Fence."

wouldn't want to spin around with it. I'd get so fearfully dizzy."

"But this is all silly chatter for no one is going to spin the red top upon my head."

"I only meant to explain that it was a touch of red—a kind of ornament or decoration and that it wasn't a toy which I carried about with me. Of course I can make a great deal of noise just as all cranes can."

"My keeper says at times I make too much noise, but he laughs when he says that."

"And I think he says it because he would not like it if I were so good as to be unnatural."

"I eat grain and such food."

"I will follow my keeper all about. You all know the old Mother Goose rhyme about Mary and the Lamb?"

"I've heard children speak of that. But I am almost that same way with my keeper."

"I follow him all about. I do not follow him to school, of course. In the first place he is all through with school. And in the second place we don't even go in the direction of schools."

"We go about these parts. I go to him when he calls me and I follow him whenever he takes me for a walk or a stroll."

"I believe a stroll means about the same as a walk, but I am sure you don't mind my being generous with the words."

"Anyway I was going to tell you that I had made up a little rhyme about myself and the keeper. It is this:

The keeper loves the Australian Crane,
The Australian Crane loves him.
The keeper calls to the Australian Crane,
The Crane follows the keeper with vim.

The Australian Crane has feathers gray
The Australian Crane has a loud voice,
they say!

The keeper is good to the Australian Crane
And he calls him his special pet.
The Australian Crane appreciates that
And he favors his keeper, you bet!

The Australian Crane is ready to go
Whenever at all the keeper says so.

"But I must tell you," the Australian Crane went on, "of Sunday last when I got over the fence of my big yard."

"Gracious," said the people, "the crane is out. He will run away. He will get lost."

"Gracious," they all said, "he will get lost."

"And some of the zoo people said the same."

"But the keeper, my keeper, came hurrying along. And then he called to me."

"Well, of course, I followed him right along and he led me safely back to my yard without any trouble and without any fuss."

"No one had to chase me, nor did they have to catch me. I just followed my keeper back home."

"And everyone said:

"The crane likes his keeper."
"And they spoke the truth!"

That's What.

Little Brother—What's etiquette?
Little Bigger Brother—It's saying "No, thank you" when you want to borrow "gimme."

HOME TOWN HELPS

MERE UTILITY NOT ENOUGH

Designers of "Main Streets" Should Get to Realize the Value of Appearances.

We spend our young years grubbing for dollars, and when we succeed in making our pile, if we do succeed, we are too tired and too untrained to enjoy it.

Some day we will wake up to the fact that beauty pays.

We need not abandon work and go to loafing. It is just as necessary, and adds just as much to the rational enjoyment of life, to have a beautiful place to work in as to have a beautiful place to play in, or to worship in.

The main trouble with Main street is that it is hideous.

The store fronts are not attractive. The men who put them up did not care how they looked. All they wanted was a place, secure from the rain, where they could sell hardware and groceries. And all the people want that visit them is a place where they can get a stove or a can of corn.

That is why the young people "hate the place." That is why they leave it as soon as they are old enough. At least, that is a very important contributing reason.

That is also one of the reasons why we have so little civic pride. We have little to be proud of.

We ought to realize that even from the standpoint of efficiency people do better work when they are in conducive surroundings.

A large eastern manufacturing company has no strikes. It has never had any labor trouble. If you visit the place you will see why.

The factories are beautiful. They are largely of glass. The workers work amid beautiful surroundings. They are not only well paid, they are treated as human beings. All around the work buildings, engine houses, stables and warehouses are beds of flowers, smooth lawns, graveled roads. And a vast park is at hand where the workers can picnic.

Go to another factory, one that I have especially in mind, where they manufacture steel products. Its huge, blackened walls look like a state prison. The fire and smoke belching from its chimneys look like hell. The homes of the work people are hovels. There are no flowers, no trees, no lawns; only dirt, cluttering yards, goats and battered tomato cans. They have plenty of labor troubles there.

This, of course, does not mean that you can satisfy laborers by giving them posies, but it does mean that beauty helps.

For the company that provides beauty shows that it realizes that it is dealing with human beings, and not with cattle.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

APPEARANCE MAKES OR MARS

Condition of City's Streets Gives Pretty Clear Insight Into Its General Character.

American cities are manifesting a new interest in anti-litter work. Of the minor problems facing American municipalities there is scarcely any one more important than this. Just as the neatness and cleanliness of one's personal appearance is an indication of character, so the physical appearance of a city's streets gives a pretty clear insight into the city's composite character. A fine avenue littered with filth and rubbish means nothing except bad citizenship. It betrays the absence of that spirit of co-operation which is the essence of good government. A man who has so little respect for his associated citizens as to strut the highway with papers and general refuse does not possess that "social conscience" which brings important results in more important matters. It is difficult to believe that a littered-up city is a well-governed city; the thing is nothing but a badge of civic carelessness, waste and even of corruption.—World's Work.

Zoning Plan in Small Cities.

If the Third-Class City League is really deeply interested in the welfare of the municipalities of the state, it will concentrate next session on an effort to have the legislature enact a zoning law. Third-class cities are meeting problems every day of serious character that only zoning regulations solve. . . . Real city planning embraces the same system if it is to get anywhere. Harrisburg's planning system has done many things worth while. But it could do far more if the zoning of the city were made a part of its duties.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.

Where to Find Out About Zoning.

The Department of Commerce, in response to the needs of over sixty cities in which zoning is in effect and of over 110 cities which have zoning ordinances in preparation, has issued a selected bibliography of zoning. This contains critical references to the most important articles on the subject which have appeared in periodicals and books.

The bibliography may be obtained by application to the division of building and housing, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.